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# STUDENT REVIEW

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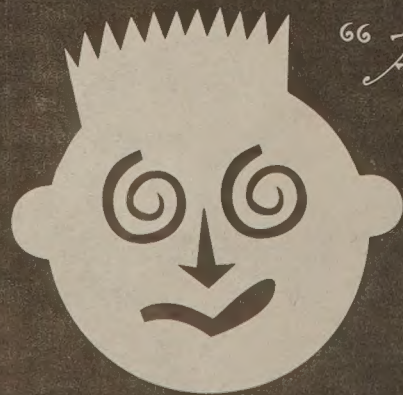
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## Note From the Editor:

# SR: The Story of My Life

When trying to decide what to write about, I made the fatal mistake of asking my fiancée. After I suggested possible topics—Valentine's Day, jazz, science fiction—she replied, "Write about me." She further explained: "You could tell everyone how great I am and then maybe I could find a *real* man."

So you have now glanced at a snapshot of my love-life. You've seen the relationship six years in the making that will soon be my marriage. You've encountered the fetters on my soul that make me who I am. And thus, I give you this Valentine's message, keeping with the immortal lyrics of Def Leppard: love bites.

And so with one topic conquered and two topics left, I now venture into the next: jazz. Three words. I like it.

Unlike Valentine's Day and jazz, I have more to say about science fiction. The first books I read were a science fiction of sorts. Dr. Seuss was the master science fiction writer. He created strange and wonderful machines. Remember the story of the butter battle? The two "nations" built larger and larger machines, pursuing triumph in the non-fighting war over which side to butter bread. Obviously a parable of our times.

Next, I graduated to fantasy literature. It's not exactly science fiction, but very similar. I read *The Chronicles of Narnia*, *The Book of Three*, *The Lord of the Rings* and the more science fiction-oriented *Wrinkle in Time* trilogy. I watched movies such as *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*. During this time my mind exploded with creativity. If it were not for science fiction and fantasy, I would have been stupid.

When I reached middle school, I was ready for politicization. I read books such as *Brave New World*, and novels by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. Along with short stories, such as Ray Bradbury's "All Summer in a Day." I gained a social conscience.

Later in early high school, I was in desperate need of an intelligent sense of humor. Saying "booger," making underleg noises, and tearing away people's self-esteem with derogatory comments constituted my repertoire of comedy. Once again, science fiction provided the guidance I needed. I read books like *The Hitchiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and *Forrest Gump* (not science fiction, but the funniest book I ever read and one which I strongly recommend to everyone, especially Matt Workman). Science fiction taught me that self-defaming humor is funny. It taught me the word "booger" is only humorous when used by people with skill. I learned the Three Stooges weren't entertaining. Once again, science fiction had saved me from malfeasance.

Now I'm grown up and a keen, socially aware, jocose, all around happenin' guy. And all because of science fiction.

So to sum up: love bites, jazz—I like it, and science fiction can make you as cool as me. And since all three of these things are featured in *Student Review* this week, you can read about the ideas, the concepts, the experiences that compose my life. Because all *Student Review* really is and really should be, is the story and study of my life.

*Mike Z...*

## Staff People of the Week:

This week we thank Bryan Waterman who has consistently produced a quality section. His new Features/Faces pages have added greatly to our paper and has proven that journalism can succeed in *Student Review*. Thanks to Bryan for his dedicated work. We also congratulate him and his wife on his upcoming parenthood. We also welcome Jenni Lynn Merten who has taken the responsibility of Issues and Opinions Editor.

## STUDENT REVIEW

### Year VIII • Issue XIV



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## The Search for a Late Night Trysting Place

by David Adams

At BYU, no matter what season it may be, romance is always in the air. It may very well be Provo's most popular leisure activity. Young lads and lasses of all ages are on a quest for the eternal companion (or at least some 'action'). But some rather interesting housing policies and the peering eyes of nosy room-mates often necessitate the search for remote corners of Provo: the lover's rendezvous, romantic hideaways, a trysting place.

On-campus housing, with the most burdensome regulation for opposite sex association, has inspired creativity and occasional brilliance. The dorm lobbies are useful for strictly cursory interaction between the sexes. The ever-vigilant old ladies are quick to scold and rather anachronistic in their morality. Not so much as holding hands in there, kids! Dorm mothers are not only strict, but have been known to be quite nearsighted. After so many years they sometimes see wandering hands where there are none. Better to avoid the whole situation.

Hot or cold, rain or shine, every night the soccer field north of Deseret Towers fills with affectionate couples. On a warm, starry night, one must carefully negotiate the field, dodging rolling bodies until one finally encounters an area clear enough

to spread the blanket. For those willing to walk a little, Kiwanis Park is also a hot spot. On colder nights, the heating grates down on campus, near the HFAC and SWKT, to name a few, are occupied all night by blanket bedecked couples huddling like homeless in Washington, D.C. In a way they *are* homeless—an over-protective organization (that doesn't understand true love and the necessity to be with one's beloved round the clock) forces them from their dorm rooms to wander campus in the night, hand in hand.

Some other famous freshman night spots are Hardee's, Denny's, Winchell's, and any other establishment that keeps its doors open through the night. However, these spots can be hazardous—both to the wallet and the stomach. For those lucky enough to own a car or be willing to make the trek on foot, the lookout below the Y is an ideal all night spot. On warm fall nights, the parking spaces with a view fill early and potential lovers must wait their turn or be content with the second row. Squaw Peak is a little farther but the view is spectacular—that is, if you're interested in views. For anyone with a tent and at least one sleeping bag, Rock Canyon is ideal for the serious date. But be careful here, kids. No 'handy

after hours.' And no 'seizing the moment,' either.

As the weather gets too cold for even the heat grates, the dispossessed couple can hide out in one of the campus buildings. In fact, evading the night janitorial staff can be half the fun. For those with a little more money than creativity, there's always a hotel room. But we don't recommend it. For one thing, the whole idea is pretty sleazy. And, unless you're in a large group, the situation can get out of hand. Another common solution is to go ahead and sneak him/her into your room—but we don't recommend that, either. This can range from risky to dangerous, depending on whose scrutiny you're under. And Las Vegas is definitely out of the question.

Winter nights are long. Valentine's day falls in a cold season. It is a time for lovers to seek shelter and solitude. Really, the location is of little importance. As lovers gaze into each other's eyes, peripheral surroundings are mere distractions. True love knows no bounds—and no timetables, either. But despite the purity of the sentiment, the blood pulsing through the veins can drive a young student to madness. Just remember this simple rule: the only safe sex is no sex. Besides, what would the night janitors think?



## Quotes of the Week

"I'd just as soon kiss a Wookiee."—Princess Leia to Han Solo in *The Empire Strikes Back*.  
 "A kiss is the twenty-seventh letter of the alphabet...the love labial which it takes two to speak plainly."—?  
 "Lots of things have been started by kisses, especially young things."—Anonymous

## Bad Love Poetry

**Category I: Hopeless Reminiscence**  
 This poem, while structurally okay—it's patterned after a 60's folk song—reveals in its content the common plight of the new missionary: lost, wishing for the good old days when he lived in DT and treated women like Topps trading cards:

**For Stephanie, Wherever I May Find Her Again**  
 By Elder Paul Garfunkel  
 What a dream I had,  
 Watching you and me  
 At a football game—  
 You were love-ly.  
 In your blue facepaint,  
 Big Gulp on your knee—  
 I rented a big airplane  
 To ask you to marry me.  
 But you ran away!

**Category II: False Hope**  
 Who can forget thinking the only sister in your group seemed oddly familiar? Was she my soulmate in the Pre-existence? Poor, misguided souls, this one's for you:

**Love Haiku**  
 (Anonymous)  
 Her hair rests gently  
 On her pretty moon-shaped face.  
 I have finally found her.

**Category III: Into the Mix**  
 And, lest we forget, MTC teachers are people too—people making miserable money for teaching spiritual concepts to desperate teenagers. This poem was obviously written by a female teacher to her husband—we wish him all the best.

**Marital Bliss**  
 By Sister Kati Penner, *nee* Kohlwein  
 My love for you  
 Is so very true.  
 Without you  
 I would be forever blue.

We are forever stuck together  
 Just like a big bottle of Super Glue.  
 Get your buns home tonight  
 And I'll make you some stew.

**Category IV: Capital Offenses**  
 Occasionally, some elders and sisters go over the line. This poem, written by an MTC teacher, ignores the teacher's Prime Directive: do not interact personally with the natives. And this poem is a perfect example of why the Powers That Be instituted the Prime Directive:

**MTC Teacher's Lament/Limerick**  
 By Paul G. Rose  
 When I called you in for your interview  
 I didn't know quite what to do.  
 While you said the prayer,  
 I smelled your hair—  
 The aphrodisiac of Johnson & Johnson's  
 baby shampoo.

## Literature's Lovers Lost

by Joel Barber

"He's so unhip that when you say Dylan, he thinks you're talking about Dylan Thomas, whoever he was."

Wake up America. Before Brenda and Dylan, there were more restless, over-wrought charmers than need be counted. The tradition of Western literature bursts with love stories like a ruptured aorta. Give their ancients their due this Valentine's day: see if you can match up these dynamic duos from Cliffs Note's past

- |                              |                    |
|------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Penelope                  | a. Andrew Wiggins  |
| 2. Montana Wyldhack          | b. Heathcliff      |
| 3. Anna Karenina             | c. Oedipus         |
| 4. Lucy Honeychurch          | d. Angel St. Clair |
| 5. Blanche Dubois            | e. Odysseus        |
| 6. Tess of the D'urbervilles | f. Billy Pilgrim   |
| 7. Ruth                      | g. Mr. Rochester   |
| 8. Novinha                   | h. George Emerson  |
| 9. Iocaste                   | i. Count Vronsky   |
| 10. Catherine                | j. Stanley         |
| 11. Jane Eyre                | k. Boaz            |

Key: 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10—11—12

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# Campus Life

## The Art of Kissing

by Ansley Beshere

Two people kiss because they are satisfying an instinctive hunger inside of them. So feed the hunger, don't just have a snack, have the lobster dinner of kisses. Kiss as though at that moment nothing else exists in the world, as though your entire life is wrapped up in that one kiss, as though there is nothing else you would rather be doing. As you kiss, with your lips slightly parted, there will be a meeting and heaven will be in that union. You will be charged to life, and your cold heart, turned to stone from



dormancy, will melt and lava will run through your veins.

Just when you thought you were satisfied you realize you are only done with the appetizer. Learn from other cultures. Succumb to the penchant for extravagance and feast on a multi-course meal of the lips.

1. The Lip Kiss: This is the first and basic kiss. For all of those worried about the possibilities of noses hitting, just tilt your head. Relax and forget all your fears. As Bacall said to Bogart, "You know how to whistle, don't you? You just put your lips together and blow." Do you open your eyes? Well that all depends on your preferences. As you open your eyes it will appear that you are locking lips with a Cyclops. While I don't consider this the

most romantic image, I don't know what you are into. How do you end a kiss? Well, there are several ways, but one that I would not recommend is to rip your lips away and wipe your mouth with the back of your hand.

2. "Drives me nuts"; "an incredible turn-on"; and "I go crazy." These are all people talking about being kissed on the neck. For those a little uneasy with this, go to your local video store and study the master. I don't mean Rhett Butler or 007 but the Transylvanian Casanova, Dracula. Think about it, does anyone else know as much about necks. Just please don't break the skin. For those ready to move on, try this. Fill the hollow of the neck with juice which your lover can lick out like a dog. "You don't love me, you just love my doggy style."

3. The French Kiss: The French call this the soul kiss because they believe it causes a merging of the souls. There are many variations and preferences so here are some basic do's and don't's. Do: use your tongue, be active, and breathe through your nose. Don't: press your lips tightly together, chew gum, try to create a whirlpool effect, suck down your partner's tongue, or gag. Some people have even reported French kissing for long periods of time when they take short breaks to talk, drink, or eat candy. The candy adds a special flavor so that you could have a peppermint tongue inside a cherry mouth. Oh la la, viva la difference!

4. The Electric Kiss: This one may have been easier in the time of gold, green, and orange shag carpet. However, it is still quite possible today especially for those of us living in BYU approved apartments meticulously redecorated in that groovy retro look. (Were they redecorated?) Shuffle your feet along the carpet and approach your partner without touching then kiss and the sparks will fly!

With all these new ways of kissing to try, you need to get busy. Kissing is free so go at it. If you have someone, grab 'em. If not, think back to the days when you were less experienced and have a Valentine's Day party complete with post office, spin the bottle, kissing rugby, and two minutes in the closet. Or make that five.

## Valentine's Day: A (not so) Historical Perspective by Greg Neil

When I think of Valentine's Day and all its ensuing pleasures, I can't help but feel grateful to the man responsible for this all-important holiday. In his honor, I give you the history of Valentine's Day.

Val was born in Spain somewhere near the turn of the fourteenth century. He was born the son of a king, who was also the son of a king, whose father was a king, because his father was also a king, his father having won the kingship in a brutal game of poker. (However, in that same game he lost his wife to the former king. He was quite pleased.)

It was evident early in his childhood that Val was different. While the other children in the castle played war, hopscotch, and torture-the-prisoner, Val was alone in his room playing with his snail farm, collecting his boogers and planning the death of his father. At age thirteen, Val ascended to the throne after his father died in a tragic fishing accident.

All was well in Spain for many years, except for the occasional peasant uprising, village burning, and heathen running amok. But upon turning 35, a wave of indescribable horror shuddered through every bone in Val's body as he realized, "Uh-oh...I've never kissed a woman before!"

Never before ad such shocking news spread abroad to the masses. People snickered as they walked by the castle. Troubled by his ineptitude with women, the King confronted his royal counselor, who logically pointed out that Val, being king and all, could easily solve the problem by issuing a law that someone kiss him, and if they refused to oblige they would be executed (naturally).

At that instant, the proverbial light bulb appeared above Val's head. It was easy. Too

see "History" on page 12

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## The Power of the Flower

Like the fragrant fumes that spew forth from Geneva Steel, Valentine's Day is upon us again, ready to smother us in frothy wads of love and niceness. I'm not sure why I bother to tell you this; if you haven't noticed the giant stuffed animal display at Smiths, or the ads in the *Daily Universe* saying things like, "When you really love somebody, you buy them the best shoes available," nothing I can say will convince you of the reality of this holiday.

If you are like many others in this valley, you are involved in some sort of relationship that will require you to do something nice for your "significant other," whether you want to or not. Before you get any bright ideas, you should know that it's too late to dump your baggage in the hopes of saving a little cash. The deadline for discarding pseudo-lovers fell on February first. There's less than a week left until Valentine's Day and if you bail out now, you're a real jerk. (Never fear, the deadline for Dumping Before Preference doesn't fall until February 21st.)

So it's time to do something nice, but that's not as easy as it may sound. Most people don't realize that many men suffer from an incurable illness that crops up around this time of year: Floral Aversion. Last year, a scientific study was conducted on me and my roommates to see if Floral Aversion was real. We were placed in a flower shop with one roommate who wanted to do something "nice" for his girlfriend. After a few minutes, we all became irate and uncomfortable. As time passed, we began to worry that somebody we knew might see us in there. Even the guy who had come to do the actual flower buying began to worry that the salesperson would ask something like, "Hey, are you buying these for a girl?" and we would be forced to flee the shop with whatever shreds of manhood we had left. Conclusion: 100% of all guys suffer from Floral Aversion, which seems to point towards something on the "Y" chromosome.

I had my first bout with Floral Aversion three years ago. It was getting close to Valentine's Day and it looked as if niceness was unavoidable. I decided to go the traditional route; a card, some nice activity, and (gulp) a flower. The problem? How to get the flower without anyone noticing. I strolled out of my apartment without saying a word.

Dressed like someone about to attend an afternoon of pornographic cinema (long coat, hat, sunglasses), I walked down University Avenue trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. I almost lost my cool when I was accosted by a perfume salesman who snuck up behind me while I was walking (no, I'm not making this up). The flower shop (I picked a small one in the hopes that it would be empty) was packed with anxious looking guys. After a wait that seemed like several months, I made it to the front of the line. Finally I could accomplish my purpose and be on my way. I confidently looked the salesperson in the shoulder and said, "Yes, I'd like amelsfmetnfler." "What?" said the counterperson. Drats! I would have to speak again. I pointed to a jar that was filled with roses and mumbled, "Just give me one of those in there." She plucked a flower out of the water and said, "Do you want baby's breath?" That was just about more than I could take. I almost threw my arms into the air, let out a shriek and ran out the door, but I thought I recognized somebody in the store and I didn't want to draw attention to myself. The employee gave me baby's breath even though I said nothing. After paying, I stuffed the flower under my coat and ran home.

While this story may sound absurd, too many males have had similar experiences. What makes this more tragic is the inability of females to recognize Floral Aversion as a serious illness. After sharing this story with a female friend, she let me know that I was not sick, but in fact, the biggest jerk in the world. "Women like it when you make a big deal about them, you are the most immature guy I know," she said tenderly.

I'm not really sure what can be done about this whole dilemma and, in a way, I don't really care all that much. I'm not in a position where I'm required to be friendly this Valentine's Day, so I can spend the weekend in Moab and not worry about it. However, my deep and abiding concern for all people won't let me turn a blind eye to this whole Floral Aversion mess. I suggest some sort of behavior therapy for all men. Behavior therapy is used to cure people of phobias and the like. For instance, if somebody is afraid of heights, the person is taken to some steep ledge and given a piece of pie or something else they like. The key is repetition and

see "Flower Power" on pg. 9



## Top Twenty



1. lust
2. love
3. secret admirers
4. water beds
5. armed naked babies with wings
6. squash (the sport)
7. "Yes" candies
8. rich boy/girlfriends
9. silk pants
10. silk plants
11. foil balloons
12. satellite of love
13. chocolates
14. handing out Valentines to all your classmates
15. women who spit
16. Daniel-Day Lewis
17. "It's Valentines Day Charlie Brown"
18. heart shaped bathtubs
19. Hostess O's
20. being left alone

## Bottom Ten

"LUV", puberty, Barney Valentines, floral anxiety, being a secret admirer's special liason, matching rugbys, bridal guides, heart shaped Ravioli, sappy movies, being alone

# Valentine's Day is Not for Lovers

by Michelle Moore

When I was in high school, I joined the Vietnamese Club. I am not Vietnamese. This did not deter me. I joined, and the members voted me secretary. I participated in all the annual events including the Vietnamese New Year's Celebration, in which I played the Earth God, performed in a fan dance and even caught my hair on fire during the candle dance.

You may think this information is unrelated to the topic of Valentine's Day. There is, however, a significant correlation.

I have always found reason to celebrate every manner of festivity, notwithstanding my ethnic origin, religious background or political tendencies. But in this season of See's Candy and Cupid paraphernalia, I am receiving society's subtle message that the status of my private life does not qualify me to celebrate the impending holiday.

Why not?

I've *never* had a boyfriend on Valentine's Day. Don't ask me why. On the other hand, I've always had a Significant Other, or Marginally Significant Other, on Halloween, hanging around and helping me to lobotomize a perfectly harmless pumpkin. (I've always thought Halloween was a rather morbid holiday, appropriate for relationships doomed to end before Feb. 14.)

My father says that Valentine's Day is for lovers. What does he know? He spends his weekends pruning shrubbery. I disagree with him. (Not his gardening methods, but his Valentine's thesis.) Valentine's Day is NOT just for lovers. Is Christmas just for Christians? Is Jamaica just for Jamaicans? Is Disneyland just for kids? Are 501 Jeans For Men for males only? You get my drift.

Besides, lovers do not have a monopoly on conversation hearts, which is the real topic of this article.

All my life I have taken a perverse delight in the purchase, consumption and analyzation of these miniature pastel message hearts. You know, those little candies that are the consistency of chalk, with no gastronomic merit whatsoever, that leave a lingering aftertaste worse than Jolt Cola?

Do not underestimate the worth of these babies. As a child I spent hours of unmixed pleasure mulling over the printed phrases on these hearts. With these candies, I composed provocative, half-coherent messages for my brother (a poor substitute for my fantasy lover, Luke Skywalker). Last year I built a pyramid out of the candies and used the arrangement of the phrases to write the lyrics to a speed-metal song.

The messages on the hearts are brilliant in structure and content. They come in a variety of grammatical and literary forms, such as **imperative phrases** ("kiss me," "stay loose," "be good"), **selected salutations** ("Hey Babe," "Hi Lover!"), **enticing invitations** ("stay here," "be mine," "love me"), **discouraging warnings** ("slow down," "watch out"), **artistic ambiguities** ("maybe," "we'll see") and **outright rejections** ("nice try," "buzz off," "no time").

Now I turn to these hearts for the meaning of Valentine's Day. Yesterday I invested a whopping \$2.59 in a variety of sizes and brands of these candies, hoping to decode a hidden message, find the missing link that would piece it all together. Once out of the Bookstore, I couldn't even wait to get home before opening the boxes and packages of candy hearts. I opened them in a bathroom stall, feeling like a cross between an adolescent and one of Charlie's Angels as I read off the disjointed, two-worded phrases in rapid-fire succession.

Six minutes later, with a slight stomach-ache and purple tongue, I was none the wiser. I still haven't found the Meaning of Valentine's Day. And the probing questions continue.

Why should Valentine's Day be only for lovers? How could there be a holiday exclusive to those who are enjoying, or suffering, through some level of committed romantic relationship? It's not about love—it's about hype! Hype that Harry met Sally. Hype that your aerobics instructor is finally engaged. Hype that your grandfather is still married to your grandmother and will therefore take her golfing on Feb. 14.

If Valentine's Day really is for everyone, than I can celebrate it, too. And if it really is about love, then why should we celebrate it only once a year?

Come to think of it, maybe I'll go to Disneyland this Saturday.

## A Love Story

by Scott E. Baldwin

Her name was Anne, and I loved her. Loved her like I love my kidneys: sure I'd like to have two, but one is all I need. She was my light, my life—my 4th grade dream child.

She had a good sense of humor, and was real smart. But most important, she was the kind of girl that would play two-minutes-in-the-closet at the drop of a hat. I was sold.

It was Amy Blodgett's Valentine's party when I made my move. I knew that I had to be subtle—Anne was not the sort to be easily manipulated. We had already played kickball, boys-chase-girls-then-get-kicked-hard, and truth or dare. It was time.

"So what should we do, Scott?" asked Troy, right on cue, knowing my desires.

"Ohhh, I don't know," I said, casually laughing in my smoothest Peter Brady imitation, "how 'bout...twominutesinthecloset?!" As if to confirm my assent to Peter's level of verbal prowess, I continued, "heh heh, that is, only if you want to." I was hot—this I knew—and I could see Anne's eyes light up like the tiny light bulbs from my erector set. She would be mine.

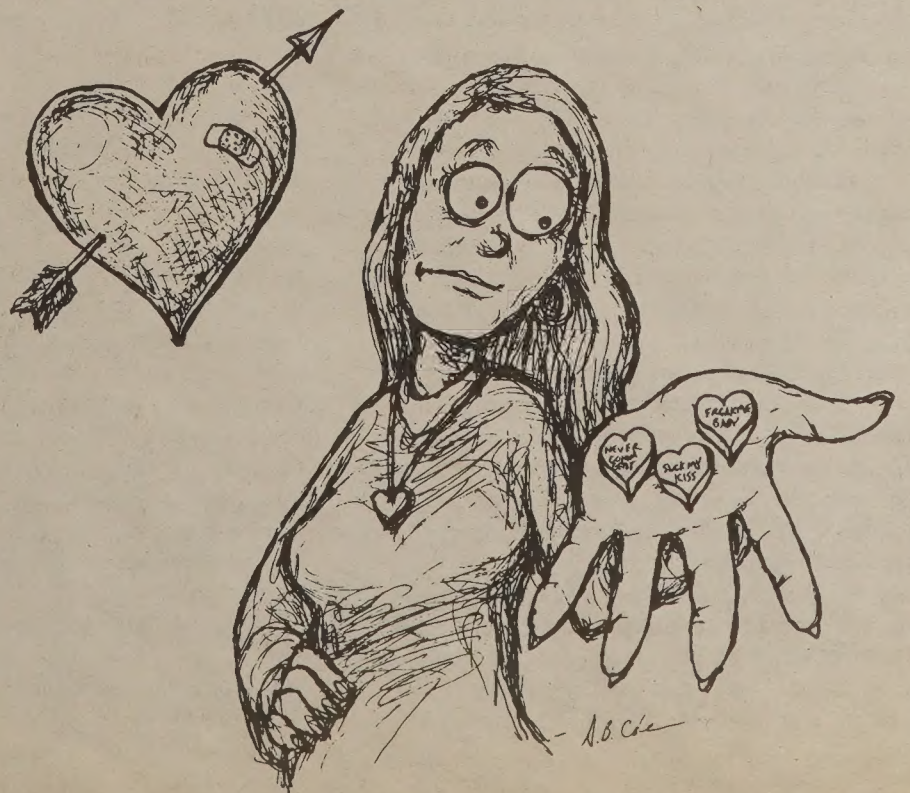
Anne and I went to the closet first, thanks to a little pre-game extortion. She was a good three inches taller, so I knew I'd have to work carefully. But I was assured by the fool-proof tactics I had borrowed from the previous week's *Facts of Life* episode. The door closed and she turned to face me. "Hey," I said softly, "there's something on your chin, let me get that for you." With that, I moved towards her and kissed her full on the lips.

Unfortunately, I miscalculated my forward momentum and knocked her over in a flurry of passion. That was not good. I cut my lip on her braces as we hit the ground, hard. This had not happened on *The Facts of Life*. Steve had not knocked Tutti over. I had screwed up. She roughly pushed me away from her and quickly got up. Just before she left the closet and my life, she turned and said, "Oh, nice one." Ouch.

I immediately buried my embarrassment and tried to think of a way to cover. Not only had I goofed up any chances with Anne, but I now risked eternal ostracism from "the guys." They must not find out what had happened.

I jumped up and followed Anne, right on her heels. As I walked towards the guys, I searched their faces for any signs of knowing. All I could see was pre-pubescent anxiety—I was safe. Jesse nearly choked himself as he excitedly whispered, "'dja kiss 'er?" I just smiled my slyest smile, pointed to my bloodied lip, and said: "Boy, she's a rough one!" And then I laughed, just like Ricky Schroeder always did on *Silver Spoons*. Their looks of animalistic excitement told me I had triumphed. Jeff Cegelski even confided to me later that he had peed his pants at that very moment.

The moral of the story is: a) don't kiss girls taller than you in a dark closet; b) be wary of the lessons you learn on *The Facts of Life*; and c) being honest in fourth grade is very nice, but it doesn't get your name engraved on the bathroom stall.









# Life. The Universe. And Everything

## An Interview with Dr. Marion K. Smith

interview by Tom Domingues

Last week Student Review caught up with Dr. Marion K. Smith, associate professor of English, who teaches the creative writing of science fiction and is the advisor for the annual science fiction and fantasy symposium *Life, the Universe, and Everything*, now its 12th year at BYU.

SR: So how did you first become interested in Science Fiction?

MS: Oh, about a hundred and twelve years ago someone first handed me a copy of a science fiction magazine and I was intrigued by it. I'd never seen anything like it. The idea of somehow making contact with extraterrestrials was a something I'd never encountered before. It didn't take me long before I realized that science fiction wasn't really the same thing as mainstream literature, and so I thought "Well what is it then?" And the very fact that it seemed to be a black sheep, an outlaw, made it even more intriguing to me. So off and on I kept reading it until I was able to teach it as a formal discipline at BYU.

SR: What explains the popularity of Science Fiction today?

MS: Central to it all I think is that SF, whatever else it deals with, deals with the matter of change. You and I live in a world that is changing more rapidly than many of us feel comfortable with, and some people say SF is the best antidote for future shock. We've seen the future and we're better prepared to deal with it than those people who haven't. We may not like it but we're not swept away with the reality of it.

SR: Do you think then that SF can not only help us prepare for our future, but in some ways shape it for the better?

MS: Well, there's no question about it and that's one of the reasons why I enjoy teaching SF. I'll get objection from a great many quarters, but I think SF is the most influential literature we have. One of the reasons why is that it tends to reach people when they're children or young adults and they're more impressionable. And certainly as we look at many of the people who shape the world we live in, a great many of them have been heavily influenced by SF. SF, instead of predicting what the future will be, has its greatest merit in simply showing us the various futures that are conceivable. We're then more able to pick and choose among those the ones and to avoid those we don't like. For example we didn't see the world of 1984 when that year rolled around, although there were similarities, and I'm quite satisfied that one of the reasons we didn't was because so many people had read Orwell's book and were influenced by it. We didn't see 1984 in reality because we'd already seen it in fiction and we didn't like it.

SR: What do you think of the current growth of LDS writers of SF and Fantasy?

MS: Well, I'm biased because I've known so many of them as students, but I'm really encouraged because BYU is the one place in the universe where SF really ought to be taught. The concepts of SF fit so well with the concepts of LDS theology. And believe it or not, SF as a whole is the most religious of all writings that we have. Among other things it keeps postulating that there is order in the universe, and that order is probably the result of the application of some powerful intelligence. It would be rare in a SF story that we call that intelligence God, but it would be a rarer SF story that would postulate chaos. Even the chaos seems to somehow be under intelligent control.

SR: So what do you see as the future of LDS writings in SF and Fantasy?

MS: I predict a bright future for SF writers in the LDS community because first of all I think their writing will teach them more about their LDS convictions as they try to examine them from various perspectives and different points of view. And second they will get a wider and wider audience of people who say: I don't just read this because it's LDS, because it harmonizes with my religious beliefs, I read it because it's good: well structured, imaginative, well said.

SR: Is there something about LDS culture that encourages the kind of storytelling found in SF?

MS: I think that the time has come that there is something distinctively different about LDS literature from mainstream American literature. We've moved out of the need to argue for or against the church in our writings and can just say it's there; now let's examine some of its more interesting aspects without advocating it or putting it down. And I think that LDS writers can often find that there are some very interesting aspects in the LDS religion that they can weave into their fiction. For example, if we go along with the assumption that the basic laws which govern us must somehow be universal in the rest of the universe, what happens when we write stories operating under that assumption? This raises all sorts

of interesting questions. If we land on Arcturus 14 and find aliens there, will they be in a saved state or an unsaved state? Will they have committed the fall or not? Will we be the apple that falls into their Garden of Eden? Will we be the snake that tempts them? Or will we be the ones to tell them to leave the apple alone because it isn't good for them? As we try to fit ourselves into that cosmic pattern that we perceive through our LDS theology, there are rich potentials there.

SR: Let's talk a little about the upcoming Symposium. Why have a symposium on SF and Fantasy?

MS: As we have so few academic areas that will teach the aspects of SF the symposium is a way of filling the vacancies in our curriculum. At the same time we want to make it enjoyable enough that in some aspects it is a pleasant relief from the rigors of studying calculus or botany or whatever the student is laboring at for his next midterm. So this is a good counterpoint to the rigors of academic study, and yet we want to make it educational in its own right.

SR: How did the Symposium first get started?

MS: Well, the students have always had a strong interest in SF. They bring that interest with them to BYU and they look for an outlet for it. We've had a number of SF clubs on campus over the years, many of which did not survive, but we did have Quark which is one of the longest lived ones. It was the organization which gave birth to the *Leading Edge* magazine, which is coming up on its 28th issue, and it also was the organizer of our first SF symposium that goes under our present name *Life, the Universe, and Everything*. I've been the advisor of the symposium for as long as we've had it, but it's been a student production. I basically sit back and say "Go guys, go! You're doing a good job". By and large the energy, the imagination, the direction come from the students, and only when they ask for advice do I grab my oar and paddle it much.

SR: What does the BYU environment offer to the Symposium?

MS: Notice that we suggested that the SF is very future oriented and operates on the supposition that people can make a better world. And among other things, one of our hopes is that by bringing people to BYU and letting them

see the student body and faculty and campus, they'll see that a better world is not just an idea of fiction and the imagination, it can be a reality. A great many people have come here and been very favorably impressed that at BYU and within the LDS culture we have created a better world and a sure promise of making it better yet.

SR: What do you look forward to most about the Symposium in future years?

MS: Enduring. I hope that it continues to be a standard feature at BYU. But I also hope that its reputation continues to expand throughout the United States and even throughout the world, as being one of the best places to go if you want a good saturation of Science and Fiction. We've had the unofficial historian of SF, Jay Klein, come here, and he's carried his camera to just about every SF convention that's ever existed and has photographs of just about anyone who ever was anyone. He was just about ecstatic when he came to BYU and was snapping his camera everywhere, adding to his collection. Later on he turned down conflicting invitations to go to other conventions to come here, saying, "Look, this is the best one in the country." So we hope to make it very academically respectable so that nobody has to say that they wasted four days here. We want them to go away feeling not only that they have been entertained, but that they have been intellectually stimulated and well supplied with a solid subject matter to take home and talk about.

SR: Do you have any final thoughts for our readers to think about?

MS: The best I could say is "Live long and prosper!"

**See page 12 for a schedule of all the events the 1994 Science Fiction and Fantasy Symposium has to offer.**

## Bewitched by a Bay of Bards

by Shannon Christiansen

(Washed by a Wave of Wind: Science Fiction from the Corridor, edited by M. Shayne Bell, Signature Books, 1993, 377 pp., \$18.95)

Dr. Marion K. Smith of BYU, to whom this book is dedicated, has been quoted many times as saying mainstream fiction is actually a part of science fiction and fantasy (SF&F). He reasons that SF&F have no limits, whereas mainstream does. *Washed* gives some credibility to his words.

M. Shayne Bell, the collection's editor, was in the first SF writing class at BYU in 1980. He is a founder of BYU's SF&F journal, *The Leading Edge*, and spent many years working on and publishing it. His anthology—made up of SF stories based in Utah and southeastern Idaho—is written by authors from Mormon country ("the corridor" is the term for the original area of Mormon settlement, and it seems to have produced an inordinately large assortment of SF&F authors). Bell believes not only that Mormonism is conducive to SF&F, but that the accomplishments Mormons have made in 150 years will only be expanded when we move into space.

Washed contains well-known authors, such as Orson Scott Card, Dave Wolverton, Elizabeth Boyer, and Bell himself, as well

## Whatever Happened to Star Trek?

by Russell Arben Fox

The truth about science fiction came clear to me after last week's episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. It was a fine episode, and it had it all: Romulans, tension, asteroid belts, Starfleet action, funky science, and wisecracks from Data. It involved a group of Starfleet officers who wanted to imitate Romulan cloaking technology, even though the peace treaty between the two empires forbids them from doing so. After some routine but interesting confrontations, the situation was resolved in an intriguing manner. A good episode. But not science fiction. Just an interesting drama set in space. That's it.

Serious fans of science fiction (or "sci-fi") may or may not agree with this assessment, but none will deny that sci-fi, in attitude and in audience, has undergone an immense change over the last thirty years, and that *Star Trek* is a good showcase for that change. Most *Star Trek: TNG* (The Next Generation) and *DS9* (Deep Space Nine) episodes—in fact, most sci-fi writing today period (whether for scripts or books)—is modernist drama with futuristic (high-tech, space-based, brightly-colored, fantastic-but-ever-rational) trappings. Very little of it looks for the heart of "hard" or "classic" sci-fi, a genre more than a hundred years old.

Where did sci-fi come from? Some elements go back to Lucian (115-200 A.D.), medieval Jewish tales of golems and alchemists, and Sir Thomas More (1478-1510). But properly, "science fiction" requires "science," which means the advances of the 17th century. With that shift, which emphasized nature as revealed through experimentation, research and logic, as opposed to nature revealed through revelation, the unknown of the world became presented in a way that opened up a whole field of settings and approaches for authors to explore.

There was Francis Godwin's *The Man in the Moon* (1638), Louis Mercier's *Memoirs of the Year 2500* (1770), and the works of Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894). At the same time, a fundamental tension of sci-fi appeared in many short stories by Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) and Mary Shelley (1797-1851), both who saw science in gothic, occasionally horrific terms.

But it was two authors—Jules Verne (1828-1905) and H.G. Wells (1866-1946)—who established the permanent attitude of all true sci-fi: wonder. In Verne's *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1864) and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1870), and in Wells's *Time Machine* (1895) and *The War of the Worlds*

(1897), all experience a similar sense of rapture: science as access to the Unknown. Whether ultimately good or ill, sci-fi was about taking up science and using it to examine humankind. Seen that way, sci-fi became, by the beginning of this century, (in theory at least, as Orson Scott Card has maintained), the most progressive of all literature, if not the

most nuanced.

This attitude remained primarily unchanged for sixty years (and has remained unchanged in Europe, where a respected film director like Andrei Tarkovsky had no qualms in using a sci-fi work like Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris* (1961) to make a 1972 film which remains an introspective classic). One need look no further than the *Foundation* books by Isaac Asimov (1920-1993) or the greatest work of sci-fi's most underrated lyricist, Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* (1950), to see to what degree sci-fi is about wonder. Author C. Clarke, Robert Heinlein and Frederik Pohl—many authors have mined the best that wonder can mean: the deeply unsettling *Childhood's End* (1953), the hard-edged *Starship Troopers* (1959); one could go on and on.

Of course, sci-fi does not popularly hold this reputation, primarily because, popularly, sci-fi is known as the refuge of such hack authors as The Prophet of Dianetics, L. Ron Hubbard, who gave us such works as the 800-page-western-space-political-sex-social-romance-detective-philosophical-war-thriller *Battlefield Earth* (1983). Not a bad book, perhaps, and neither are the books of his imitators. But this escapist approach to sci-fi contributes to the image of "sci-fi means Aliens Eating Cincinnati."

Dealing with this popular image, most story-tellers of the modern era—working with not radio or magazines, which force the audience to exercise imagination, but television and movies, which mostly do not—have chosen to ignore sci-fi's "pretensions" and gone for dramatic realism, dumping sci-fi's sense of wonder in favor of other motifs. (Witness Ridley Scott's 1982 adaptation of Philip K. Dick's surreal *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968) into the undeniably thrilling but realistic *Blade Runner*.)

This is best manifest in *Star Trek*, which, through the enthusiasm of its cult, has survived long enough to provide consistency. Gene Roddenbury's humanism and optimism beside, the fact remains that his style of story-telling conveyed the wonder of hard sci-fi very well. Think about all those old episodes. The crew meeting a Greek God? Scotty being possessed by a non-corporal Jack-the-Ripper entity? Aliens transporting the team back to the O.K. Corral? Mind-melding with a creature of molten rock? Sure! *Star Trek*, at its best, was about the same sort of strange, funny, frightening, I-reach-out-and-touch-the-face-of-God, weird sci-fi that made *The Twilight Zone* so powerful.

But of course, *Star Trek* wasn't always "at its best." A lot of the old show was, surely, ridiculous. Unfortunately it was ridiculous primarily for dramatic reasons—Kirk's shameless bagging of alien princesses, McCoy's stilted dialogue, the cheap plot devices. When *Star Trek* was resurrected in the movies, Gene Roddenbury pooled all his resources to put on the screen a tremendous, wonderful sci-fi tale, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* (1979)—which was promptly dismissed for pretentiousness and lack of drama. That movie is one of the truest sci-fi flicks of the last thirty years, up there with Stanley Kubrick's and Arthur C. Clarke's 2001: *A Space Odyssey* (1968) and Steven Spielberg's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1983); but everyone who ever called it *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* is admitting that, for them, sci-fi should be primarily about good drama, not wonder.

Thus we had the rest of the *Star Trek* movies, some good, some awful, contributing to an epic which became a fascinating, but pedestrian, soap opera in space. While Roddenbury tried to infuse the early *TNG* with some sci-fi amazement, those plots were quickly derided (often deservedly so), and Roddenbury retreated, allowing his handiwork to become a well-crafted, intelligent series of stories set in the future. But not in sci-fi history.

This isn't all bad: I watch *TNG* and *DS9* as I would any entertaining television show, and am occasionally surprised by some serious sci-fi (last season *DS9* featured a stunning tale of Deep Space Nine's crew becoming possessed by the "psychic residue" of a mutinous, long-dead spaceship crew, creating a paranoid situation worthy of Bradbury's best efforts). And anyway, there's nothing inherently vital about maintaining a genre's purity: it's the story that counts. But for those of us who find ourselves a little suspicious of science, and want our stories a bit edgier, a bit more ambiguous and more amazing, the paucity of serious sci-fi on television these days is sad indeed.

Russell gets real nervous when Deep Space Nine goes into reruns.

as first-published works from Pat Bezzant, Diana Lofgran Hoffman, B. J. Fogg (a founder of *Student Review*), M. W. Worthen, and James Cummings. Overall, the collection is quite good, stories that can be categorized as humorous, out to make a point, or attempts at studying human nature.

Some of the stories are not very convincing. Wolverton's protagonist acts completely uncharacteristic of a woman who has been repeatedly raped, no matter what the time period is. Michaelene Pendleton writes a torture scene that is pointless and unnecessary; it doesn't further the plot or make any difference to the rest of the story. Fogg's story, the perennial Mormon bachelor's fantasy (future GAs grant the option of "trial marriage" for the squeamish singles), is not really science fiction. Baker's story attempts a look at artistic censorship but takes you so deep inside the artist's head you can't see what's going on; she leaves you with a biased, cloudy view from one character. From authors who have produced better work in the past, I have to wonder if they were hurriedly trying to meet a deadline.

see "Bewitched" page 12



## Peepin' the Acid and Hip-hop Jazz Movement

by Sam Cannon

"There's this mood about [jazz] music, a kind of need to be moving. You can't just set it down and hold it." — Sidney Bechet

Jazz is a constantly changing and evolving music form. Or is it that jazz is an agent for change and evolution? Today, jazz is blowing life into the predictable. Its improvisational nature, its layered instrumentation, its timeless style, has awakened clubgoers from the stagnating techno/rave scene. Acid and hip-hop jazz are infecting dance floors across the world. On top of that, jazz has begun to prove itself commercially. It's no wonder people are talking all that jazz.

### ACIDJAZZ

Acid jazz was originally a term used jokingly by London's premier jazz DJ, Gilles Peterson, to describe the new flavor of groove-oriented jazz that was replacing acid house in the London clubs. In 1988, Peterson and Eddie Pillar founded the Acid Jazz record label which broke the likes of the Brand New Heavies and Jamiroquai.

Acid jazz offered something new for everyone: diversity and originality for the acid freaks who were humming preprogrammed house rhythms in their sleep, as well as complex and soulful arrangements for the new mods who were bored with processed "white soul."

It didn't take long for major label hounds to smell the loot to be had in acid jazz. Polygram lured Peterson away to head their Talkin' Loud division. Meanwhile, back in the States, the Brand New Heavies were being eyed by Delicious Vinyl. The Heavies collaborated with diva N'Dea Davenport. The result: a fresh, smooth, and often funky blend of dancefloor jazz.

With such an introduction to acid jazz, American clubgoers wanted more. Clubs such as Giant Step and Fez in New York, Brass and Blowfish in Los Angeles, and Elbo Room and Up and Down Club in San Francisco started serving up acid jazz to their hungry patrons.

The majors again responded. Island's 4th & Broadway led the way among domestic labels. Their excellent *Rebirth of the Cool* compilations showcase a diverse, energetic, and international acid jazz movement in the same way that Miles Davis' *Birth of the Cool* projects in 1949-50 exposed the pioneering talents of the time.

By 1991, most major American record companies were jumping on the acid jazz tip, recruiting material from young and creative jazz musicians.

Acid jazz was particularly intriguing to the hip-hop artists around the globe. Hip-hop had seen itself as the lifeblood of street culture. Hip-hop was not only the soundtrack of the street, it was the way of the street. Fashion, language, even philosophy, was all hip-hop. Hip-hop was amok. With acid jazz bubbling under, it seemed hip-hop had a rival, or maybe a partner, in defining street culture.

As early as 1988, rap groups were drawing connections between their hip-hop and jazz heritage, looping samples of horn and bass riffs to prove their point. From this came hip-hop jazz.

### HIP-HOP JAZZ

Call it urban jazz, street jazz, jazz rap, or hip-hop jazz, the idea is still the same. Rather than sensing competition in acid jazz, American hip-hop artists were amped. The presence of jazz in street culture was obvious and natural. What is hip-hop after all, but a jazz of the 80s and 90s? Improvisational, different and misunderstood. Artists such as Stetsasonic ("Talkin' All That Jazz," *In Full Gear*, 1988), Dream Warriors ("My Definition of a Boombastic Jazz Style," *And Now the Legacy Begins*, 1991), and A Tribe Called Quest ("Jazz (We've Got)," *Low End Theory*, 1991) began using samples of jazz standards, giving props to their African-American roots and forging new fusions in the spirit of acid jazz.

From jazz-influenced hip-hop emerged straight up hip-hop jazz, which is less beat-oriented and more groove-oriented. Guru, leader of Gang Starr and a forerunner of hip-hop jazz, boldly declared in 1990, "The nineties will be the decade of a Jazz Thing." Guru remembers touring Europe and hearing DJs blend jazz records with hip-hop breaks, such as Jocelyn Brown's "Love's Gonna Get You" played over the beat of Run-DMC's "Peter Piper." "That was where I really got my first glance at where this movement might go," he said.

What Guru saw and heard in Europe surely inspired last year's *Jazzmatazz* project, a hip-hop/jazz collaboration featuring old and new school jazz musicians (such as Donald Byrd, Roy Ayers, Branford Marsalis, and Ronny Jordan) backing Guru's rhymes with live instrumentation.

About a year earlier, Guru performed as part of Gang Starr on the Brand New Heavies' *Heavy Rhyme Experience*. For this groundbreaking album, the Heavies recorded live jazz/funk tracks and invited prominent rap groups such as Grand Puba, Main Source, and Black Sheep to perform over them. While the artists still had the security of overdubbing their voices on the album, *Heavy Rhyme Experience* proposed a new element to hip-hop jazz: live performance.

Both Gang Starr and Digable Planets, probably the most commercially successful hip-hop jazz act to date, tour with live jazz ensembles. In concert, they kick what Delicious Vinyl co-founder Orlando Aguillen calls "real music...real bands and real singers."

In San Francisco jazz clubs, the spirit of live improvisation adrenelizes the scene. On any given night, various members of local acts Alphabet Soup, Frankie Five Finger, and Daddy Goddus will perform with guest rappers, guest singers, guest poets, and guest horns, and the vibe is always hot. Loring Jones, drummer for three different Bay Area bands, said, "Nothing is solid. We make it up as we go."

As with acid jazz, corporate labels cannot keep from drooling over this new street concoction. While hip-hop makes for a financially huge chunk of the music industry, rap still alienates the conservative-minded, Wonder Bread-eating market. Now, a rap track mellowed by a groovy jazz

riff doesn't seem as threatening, as demonstrated by the crossover success of Digable Planets and, more recently, US3. You will more likely find US3 than Ice Cube next to the Indigo Girls in the average person's CD collection.

According to Simone White, former drummer for Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy, jazz is finding its way into youth culture because everything else is getting stale.



"I think the music will grow because everybody is dying to hear something new. Kids are finally getting wise to the fact that hip-hop is not the only music out there."

That's just it—jazz, in its many forms, is exciting because it is always new. Last November, at Giant Step's Groove Academy, Ronny Jordan got up on stage, plugged in his Gibson, and fired up his version of Miles Davis' "So What?" All I saw around me were heads bobbing and grinning. Most of us never saw Miles play live. But jazz has adapted and improvised once again. We've got our own thing now.

## Jazz Flavors of the Month

### Ronny Jordan *Quiet Revolution* (4th&Broadway)

An amazing album for its diversity if nothing else. Ronny, jazz guitarist extraordinaire à la George Benson, covers all areas of contemporary jazz with vocal help from Guru, Dana Bryant, Fay Simpson, and Truth Anthony.

### Solsonics *Jazz in the Present Tense* (Chrysalis)

Fortunately, *Jazz in the Present Tense* lives up to its vintage-cool sleeve art. Like Ronny Jordan, this San Francisco outfit shows stylistic versatility, moving from reggae- to latino-influenced rhythms with little effort. Solsonics vocalists, Mark Tunkara and company, provide soulful melodies over smooth and funky grooves.

### Us3 *Hand on the Torch* (Blue Note)

With over 50 years of the Blue Note Records jazz library available for sampling, it is no wonder that *Hand on the Torch* defines hip-hop jazz to date. That "bidibidibop" song ("Cantaloupe Island" (Flip Fantasia)), Us3's masterful rap version of Herbie Hancock's "Cantaloupe Island," gets huge amounts of airplay on the radio, as well as on MTV. And, guess what, the rest of the album is just as strong. Their eight-member touring outfit includes three rappers and a horn section. Here's hoping they'll see Salt Lake during their spring tour.

### Various Artists *The Rebirth of Cool, Vol. 3* (4th&Broadway)

As I said before, *The Rebirth of Cool* is easily the best, most diverse collection of acid jazz released this side of the Atlantic, although its material is culled from around the globe. Standout tracks include Outlaw's "Kickin' Jazz," United Future Organization's "Loud Minority," and MC Solaar's "Caroline."

### Charlie Hunter Trio *Charlie Hunter Trio* (Mammoth)

Charlie Hunter's debut album leans more to the traditional and straight-ahead side of jazz than these other flavors. While not as dancefloor friendly, it is catchy. Surprising to some, Charlie has a strong "alternative" pedigree as well, having played guitar on the last Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy album and on Lollapalooza's side stage last summer.

*These are just a few of my current favorites. Of course, there are plenty other worthwhile acid and hip-hop jazz albums out there. Many are compilations, like The Rebirth of Cool, and many are only available as pricey imports. In Provo, Sonic Garden CD Exchange is your best bet for this kind of noise.*



## Jazz Against the Machine: Provo's SwimPigs

by Sam Cannon

Here in provincial Provo, Utah, we are fortunate to have some jazz juice of our own. SwimPigs, a jazz quartet who define themselves as "mutant jazz après punk," have been injecting their own dope into the IV of the local music scene.

SwimPigs is comprised of members of the legendary (locally, at least) supergroup Swim Herschel Swim, Pat "Splat" Campbell on drums, Jon "Punkboy™" Armstrong on keyboards, Kent "Moe Power" Carter on bass, Andy "Just Call Me Andy" Warr on tenor sax. Their repertoire consists of old and new school jazz covers, as well as original material. Their jams, like those you'd see in San Francisco clubs these days (see "Peepin"), are unpredictable even to the band members themselves. Songs sometimes last up to ten minutes. But who's watching the time? Once, by audience demand, Mama's stayed open an extra hour so SwimPigs could perform another set. Sounds a lot like San Fran, except the cover charge is a lot more reasonable.

"Last time we played Mama's, I was surprised and pleased to see

people digging the groove the way they did," said Armstrong. "Hopefully, even more people will get into this as time goes on."

Jazz does seem an unlikely attraction for Utah Valley's grunge-hungry concertgoers. Campbell, like the rest of the group, has played in jazz ensembles since junior high school. He noticed an immediate difference in his new audience's demeanor: "The traditional jazz crowd follows etiquette, which is pretty stupid. Our crowd isn't familiar with the etiquette, they're probably more used to moshing or whatever. That's cool—I don't care how they react, if they want to mosh or kick back, it's cool either way."

When Swim Herschel Swim stopped recording in September 1993, Carter began writing jazz songs. He found that his rock influences (eg. Fishbone and Rage Against the Machine)

showed through in some of his compositions. The result was an intriguing blend of driving, funky jams and mellow, lounging grooves. "We're coming in from a different direction than most jazz



Swim Pigs

musicians. We are not afraid to bring our rock background into the music. Many people tend to listen to jazz intellectually rather than just get loose. I think we're moving in a direction where that tendency can change."

Now, all band members are involved in creating and composing new material. Warr describes the process as conceptualizing a rock song, then translating it into jazz. How is playing jazz different from playing rock, or ska-influenced rock, in the case of

Swim Herschel Swim? "It's a different kind of energy," says Carter, "I get more individual satisfaction from jazz. Jazz is an expression of all individuals involved. More so than rock because there's more room for improvisation."

And if SwimPigs is one thing, it's a group of individuals. Revolving around a common love for music, each member of the band brings his own style to their live shows. This collected diversity is what make SwimPigs so fun to watch.

In the absence of a singer, Warr becomes the focal point. He seems unassuming until he steps up to the mike and cuts the air like a honey-dipped chainsaw with one of his nitro-injected sax solos. "I try to get a vocal reaction out of the crowd and that feeds me," Warr said. "Only then do I get a real rush from soloing."

Armstrong is hard to pin down. Imagine a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and Jerry Lewis and you're getting close. He flails and bounces over his keyboard, working it for a sound that's somewhere between funky and cheesy.

Carter is the other acrobat on stage, pogoing to the beat with his upright bass in tow. As the band's spokesman, Carter introduces the songs like a kid at a spelling bee, but underneath he holds a reserve

of biting humor for special occasions. During the 6 Bands/6Bucks show at The Edge, he pointed to the Harley motorcycle hanging from the ceiling and said, his dimples nearly touching "This next song is about *that*. It's called 'In Defense of Phallic Power Totems II.'"

Campbell's style is cool and understated. He provides the band's backbone both rhythmically and stylistically. At The Edge, in wrap-around shades and a beatnik, striped t-shirt he pounded away a steady, strong, and intricate framework while the rest of the guys built up and tore down.

A crazy package, these SwimPigs, their punk rock, do-it-yourself attitude makes them different as a jazz band. "The idea is to," Campbell says, "like the Axiom record label motto says: 'Avoid the reproduction of death.' So much of what is getting played on the radio is getting old and stale."

Jazz seen through the eyes of the SwimPigs is refreshing and exciting. It inspires one to discover older jazz, such as Miles Davis and John Coltrane, as well as more contemporary artists such as Henry Threadgill and Bazooka. It broadens your mind and your expectations. Plus, it moves your butt. And, to think, all of this is happening right in our backyard.

## The Acrid Art of ampersand

by Dave Seiter

Another Provo band that has been influenced by jazz, though even less conventionally, is ampersand. The band has an impressive pedigree with past and present members from Revelation Records' Iceburn (whose members, incidentally, have also formed a jazz combo), Mayberry, Gladbirds, Bad Yodelers, Season of the Spring, The Ents, and Sope—some of which have toured Europe. Daniel Day (drums and cymbals), Doug Wright (acoustic and upright bass), Jason Rabb (guitar), Josh Andersen (guitar) and Mark Peer (vocals), formed the band during Christmas of '92 when Dan was home from Berkeley College of Music in Boston where he studied jazz. Jason had already written some material and after only four rehearsals, ampersand recorded a five song demo in one day at Fast Forward studios. With an attractive cover designed by Punkboy™, ampersand released the tape to the public and Dan returned to Boston.

Dan returned in May of '93 and since then the band has practiced two to three times a week and now have sixteen songs, some of which are instrumentals. ampersand is anxious to do a CD and has been looked at by several major affiliate labels. However, ampersand realizes that their music "maybe isn't meant to be big" and feel that it is more important for them to "maintain artistic integrity and focus." Dan says that, "Success comes in realizing our musical goals, not in record sales. That is external. But we do want people to like it."

ampersand demonstrate this attitude when performing. They haven't been big crowd pleasers during their local gigs, but Dan notes that, "People should not come to see ampersand for slamming or dancing or any social experience. They should come for a musical experience."

Along with the likes of Jethro Tull and Van Morrison, ampersand cite jazz musicians Keith Jarrett, Paul Motion, and Charlie Hayden, as well as Human Feel, a little known free jazz combo in the East. These jazz influences are incorporated most directly in "moment," the first song on the tape EP. Here, as in all of ampersand's music, the drums play a more than typical role in the music. Dan's inventive and flavorful drumming contributes to the melody and pleads to be heard instead of remaining a metronome in the background. "moment" begins with some colorful jazz phrasing by Dan, giving prelude to a sudden burst of power chords as they seem to break the dam of silence. The song then works its way through several parts which range from powerful crescendos to marching dirges. This is typical of ampersand's approach to song writing and arranging, which, like jazz, tends to be more complex, less circular, and more composed-through than formulaic.

Another jazz component incorporated in ampersand's music is rubato phrasing, which essentially means playing out of, or without regard to, time. When ampersand is paying attention to timing it is usually to change it—time changes seem to be a frequent employee of the music.

ampersand produce a somewhat avant-garde art rock. The music is sometimes chaotic but more often sounds somehow lost and deliberate at the same time. The interplay consists of steadily plodding and wandering riffs, scattering bass lines, independent drum fills, and woeful vocals. The vocals, in fact, are reminiscent of Pink Floyd's David Gilmore on "walker" (a song not on the tape). The tempo is usually sedated much like Codeine, and though the texture gets thick from time to time, it often feels sparse like Low. "We are not trying to be hard edge or dissonant. We want to be more warm," says Dan. This may be surprising considering ampersand's collective history, but their more recent songs are gentler than those of their initial recording, particularly "moment" which is very powerful. However, Dan remarks that, "Ultimately, any listener's perception of the music is just as valid as the creator's." Take it from SLUG: "ampersand is emerging as one of the most musically intriguing bands to play the Wasatch Front since grunge donned a flannel and took the Greyhound to Seattle."

ampersand cassettes are available at Sonic Garden in Provo, Crandall Audio in Orem, and Raunch Records in Salt Lake. Call ampersand's information hotline at 370-3871 for the scoop on performances, recordings, etc.



ampersand

continued...

## Flower Power

positive reinforcement. We just need to do the same thing with flowers. Perhaps we could give guys meat sandwiches and the swimsuit edition of *Sports Illustrated* every time they went to flower shops. As for the repetition, that might be more of a problem. Most guys feel uneasy about giving flowers to females, and find it socially unacceptable to give them to other guys. I don't know how to solve that problem, but I'm sure somebody out there can think of something. As for me, I'm packing my bags for Moab right now, but not before I send a Tickler Bouquet to my roommate. See you next week.



## Naturalized Theology: The Task of Mormon Theology in the Post-Modern Era

by Dennis Potter

It is a dogma of the Roman Catholic Church that the existence of God, among many other theological truths, can be proved by unaided reason. This task of proving these truths is called Natural Theology, and was once the queen of the sciences. For religious thinkers theology, and for non-religious thinkers philosophy, played the part of the foundation of all knowledge. This view of theology is one which was developed out of the need for a fundamental, and incorrigible, starting point, Descartes' construction of the *cogito ergo sumo* argument being the most paradigmatic example of such a position. For the Catholic theologian the task of theology was simple: to provide proofs for the most fundamental Catholic beliefs. However, in more contemporary intellectual endeavors this view of knowledge has been rejected, by thinkers as diverse as Martin Heidegger, Karl Marx, John Dewey, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Søren Kierkegaard and Willard Van Orman Quine. Their views, though radically distinct, can be generally categorized as anti-foundationalist. Insofar as the previous understanding of theology was based on the foundationalist understanding of knowledge, we must search for a new understanding of the task of theology. And insofar as Mormonism is a product of this same era of which I speak, it is in a proper position to help clarify this question.

Sterling McMurrin claims that "The primary task of theology is the reconciliation of the revelation to the culture, to make what is taken on faith as the word of God meaningful in the light of accepted science and philosophy" (*The Theological Foundations of the Mormon Religion* Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press: 110). That reason must play the most central position in contemporary theology is a controversial assertion in this age of anti-intellectualism. Nevertheless, it seems to be the only viable option. For suppose that you are of the Greek Orthodox faith and I, Roman Catholic. We may differ on whether or not the Holy Trinity is composed of a substance which is divisible; you assert that it is and I that it is not. We both may have religious experience confirming our doctrines. Now how are we to settle the dispute? We cannot appeal to further religious experience because that is the very question at hand, namely whose religious experience is to be believed. Stubborn believers may just say we should believe "on faith," but such is a move which both "skirts" the issue and fails to resolve the conflict. However, if we bring any evidences on either side, whether it be concerning the religious experiences or the doctrine themselves, then we are employing reason. And since the other options obviously fail, reason is all that is left. This conclusion is easy for those of our community to accept when it is made with regard to the beliefs of others, as I have done; but it is more difficult for the Mormon to accept that her spiritual experiences do not settle her differences with the Roman Catholic who also has such confirming experiences of "apostate" doctrines such as transubstantiation. But this is not to say that revelation is not important to theology; Revelation provides an otherwise vacuous and unconvincing theology with profound content.

The obvious question which arises at this point is that of the nature of reason. Since it is the central tool of the theologian we must understand its method. The method we search is certainly not the method of foundationalism, for it is bankrupt. We must rethink what it is to be rational and what it is to justify our beliefs.

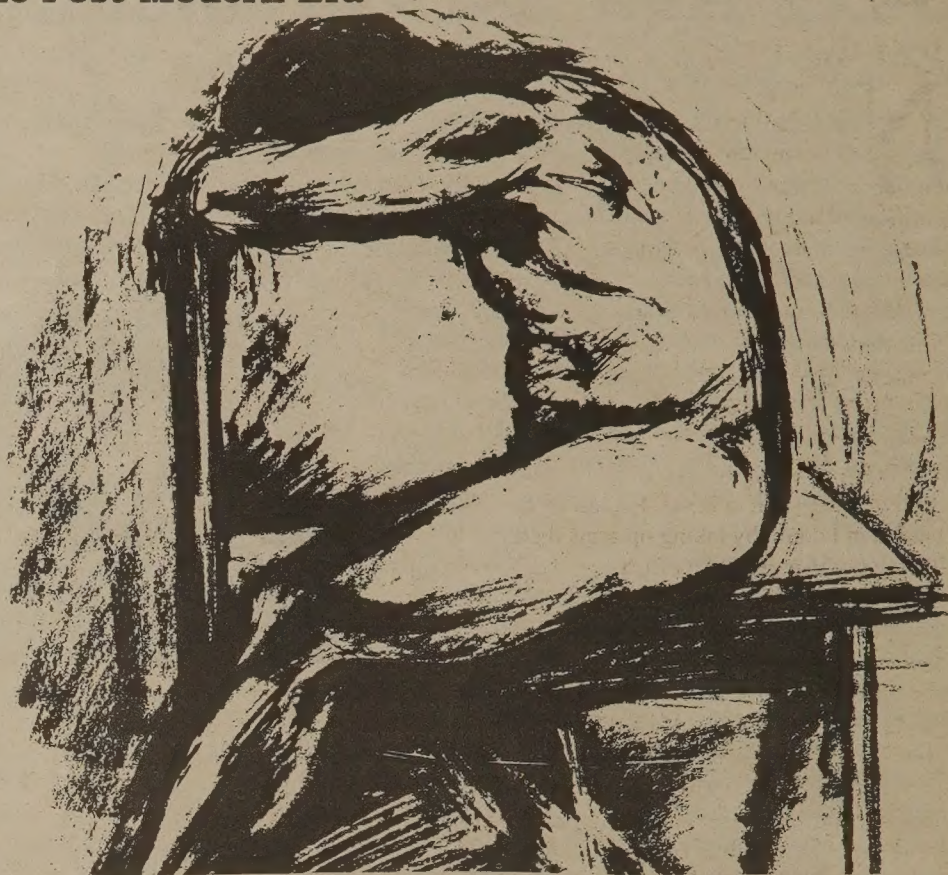
As the foundationalist epistemological project is rejected, some philosophers turn to a more radical epistemological view, i.e. the view that our rejection and acceptance of beliefs always takes place within the context of other beliefs. This means that any given belief is justified only in the context of the other beliefs and never independently of them. The very attempt to acquire independent justification becomes meaningless. To paraphrase Otto Neurath, science is like a boat that is continually out at sea which could never be repaired from the bottom up, but only plank by plank while it remained afloat. This picture of how we acquire knowledge leads to a view of the project as "naturalized epistemology." It is "naturalized" because it no longer seeks the ahistorical ground of truth, but realizes that we must work with what we have, although it may be a product of history. And if we assume that the majority of our beliefs are correct, then we can just busy ourselves with working out the inconsistencies. In so doing, we approximate truth. This picture of reason is a sloppy one, it does not appeal to our latent

foundationalist tendencies, but it is the alternative to the ahistorical metaphysics of yester-year.

What sort of implications might this have for how we do theology? Well, naturalized epistemology becomes naturalized theology. Theology will obviously become a project which recognizes its historical roots, not afraid of the primitivism of its past. Instead of searching for the foundations which she claimed to have found several thousand years ago, instead of claiming for herself a special place above and beyond all other science, she will have to recognize that her truths walk hand and hand with those of the contemporary philosophy and science. She will have no privilege status, but will find herself scrutinized by the same methods which scientific theories employ. Every belief becomes subjected to the possibility of revision. Theologians will have to wonder whether the theological explanation is the best possible explanation of the events which are observable, or if there is not some better way to explain them. But this means that there must be a serious study of religious experience and ritual since such is the subject matter of religious explanation. Some may claim that theology has her own methods and tasks, and that, hence, her propositions are not to be scrutinized by the methods of other disciplines. But even if there are language games and conceptual practices which are localized, one product of the naturalization of knowledge (and so of theology) is that no discipline may stand alone. Our set of beliefs is a web of belief which, when disturbed at one point will feel the rippling effects at others. This holism, which is a consequence of the naturalization, entails that methods are intertwined. Therefore, we may properly claim that the rift between science and religion never really existed in the first place; it was a false dichotomy which was used by atheists to discredit religion and by religionists to avoid the subjugation of their beliefs to scrutiny. (I mean this sketch of naturalized theology to be a brief, not comprehensive, outline which will require development.) So, McMurrin was right as he said that theology was a reconciliation, but this reconciliation is not merely one of conclusions, but of methodology as well.

So how is it that Mormonism provides a unique field in which we might address theology in this new way? I propose that there are at least three aspects of Mormon theology which allow it to fulfill the post-modern, and hence post-Christian, requirements for a successful theology. These are its recognition of the possibility of theological revision, its inherent materialism, and its pragmatism.

First, it is well known that Mormon theology accepts the idea of "continuing revelation." At the very least, this means that not every issue of theology has been settled and that we can always be in the process of receiving new positions on such issues. However, I believe that continuing revelation means more than this. Having been involved in recent research being done by David Paulsen on the Mormon concept of God I have noticed that there are many aspects of our theology that have been remarkably fluid. There is a case to be made that early on Mormon theology was trinitarian or modalistic, that later it moved to a sort of binitarian position in the Lectures on Faith (where the Holy Ghost was seen as merely the "mind" of God), and that it finally arrived at a tri-theistic position in the 40's with such statements as the famous King Follett discourse. Only with Talmage, Widsoe and Roberts was there a more complete consolidation and reification of the doctrine of God. All these positions developed by the thinkers at these times were influenced by the contemporary intellectual milieu. These thinkers were reconciling their faith to their contemporary science and philosophy, and people like Roberts and Orson Pratt even used the methodologies of philosophy. Positions were reversed and disputes ensued. And I



only write of this to support the more philosophical point that, if God continues to give us revelation, it is, in principle, possible that every theological position is revisable. This corresponds to the revisability that we saw as a necessary element of our naturalized theology.

Second, Mormonism has since early in its development had a broadly materialistic view of reality. This is important, in part, because the predominant philosophical stance of contemporary metaphysics is materialistic in some sense, and so any theology must answer to its criteria. There are a variety of materialistic positions, the most extreme form which holds that only solid matter exists to the more liberal forms which presume that matter is the mere possibility of perceptual experience. What characterizes a materialistic position is its ontological presumption toward those things that exist in space-time, having some sort of extension. Contrary to what McMurrin says in the latest *Sunstone* (March 1993: 37-8) materialism, of some form or another, is still dominant. But my emphasis on Mormonism's materialism is even more appropriate when we consider the implications of the naturalization of epistemology on the skeptical arguments used to doubt the existence of the material world. If we doubt such a thing then we put into question the majority of our beliefs. And since the majority of our beliefs constitute the field within which the very philosophical dialogue can take place, such a move is a sort of intellectual suicide. The most central beliefs in anyone's conceptual scheme are her beliefs in macroscopic physical objects. Therefore, we will be hard pressed to find a situation in which our beliefs in such objects do not act as some sort of criterion by which we will judge our beliefs about other sorts of objects. And if the presumption of ontology goes toward physical objects, then there is an absence of a presumption against the existence of the Mormon God.

Finally, Mormonism has, at times, expressed pragmatic views. This is important not because pragmatism is the best philosophical position but because it tends to place thought in the context of a social milieu. If we see our own ways of speaking as ways which, through some sort of natural selection, have developed to best help us get along in the world, then we can better understand the meaning of our own expressions. For the myth of meaning as substantive and above and beyond mere use (or usage) is surely just a vestige of our roots in modern foundationalism. The naturalization of knowledge entails the naturalization of meaning and the mythos of intentionality that has accompanied it. We need to find new ways of speaking about the mind and our language which allows us to see them as phenomena along with the rest of our physical world.

More generally, pragmatism, materialism and the fluidity of theology which results from continuing revelation should all lead to a more human, but not too human, religious experience. And if this results in a situation in which "We create our gods in our own image, and they have a way of thinking our best thoughts and echoing them back to us in our revelation" (McMurrin *Sunstone* 46) then perhaps that is just a manner of emphasizing where the divine is to be found.



## Upheaval in Chiapas: The Justification of the Zapatista National Liberation Army

by Luis Tovar

New Year's Day arrived peacefully in Utah—until I received news from my home town, Tuxtla Gutierrez, Chiapas, Mexico: an armed confrontation between the Mexican armed forces and the rebel group, the Zapatista National Liberation Army, was in progress.

As the details started to arrive, I began to feel guilty that while I was enjoying my sheltered life at BYU, my people were fighting for simple human rights. I thought about going back to join the rebellion, but I realized that, with my media connections as a Master's student at BYU, I could do more here than I could by taking up arms there. This essay is part of that effort.

My purpose is to present my view of Chiapas, and to urge you help stop the abuse of human rights in Mexico. Chiapas state is found in Mexico's southeast corner, bordering Guatemala. The region contains rich oil deposits, houses the only remaining rain forest in North America, generates electrical power, and produces timber in large scale. In addition, Chiapas, along with other states in the region, harbors scattered remnants of the great ancient Maya culture. And yet lately, the most common description of Chiapas in the international press has been "the poorest state in Mexico."

The apparent contradiction in the media's description echoes the history of discrimination and economic starvation this region has suffered for centuries. The violent upheaval in the region of San Cristobal de las Casas, a main population center located in the highlands of Chiapas, evidences the level of desperation and frustration in which the peasants live day in



and day out.

Perhaps violence is not the best way to solve the economic gap that divides the rich and the poor in Mexico, but it painfully underlines their cry for social justice. The call to arms asks for a share of the fruits of democracy which were promised in the 1910 Mexican Revolution. This better life for the indians has yet to arrive. Local and federal agencies that control the development of land have constantly sided with corrupt politicians to favor a few families, landowners, and government-approved monopolies, to the detriment of the large indian settlements.

For example, Chiapas gave up much of its environment for the construction of three hydroelectric power plants on the Grijalva River without receiving any substantial benefits. The electrical power generated in those plants only produces income for the Mexican federal government.

La Selva Lacandona is another example of corruption and unregulated exploitation

of Chiapas' natural resources. This region which is part of the rain forest, is inhabited by the Lacandon Indians. The forest has been stripped of timber, and the companies cutting the trees do not represent the Lacandon Indians, give them compensation. The exploitation of this forest has been so brutal that the border with Guatemala is clearly distinguished by space which was once forest.

The most pathetic example of injustice, however, is the indians' daily life. Most of their hamlets are ill-equipped with sewage or drinking water. The school system is almost non-existent. The roads and other means of communication are in very poor condition, and the Mexican Socialized Health Care System does not benefit them.

In contrast, the local and federal government garnish the indians' political support at election time, but always conveniently forget their promises. The different ethnic groups are brutally repressed if they dare to express their political views. Dissenting points of view are punished by intimidation, torture, political imprisonment, and illegal execution.

These methods keep the politicians in power. They become political bosses with the attached economic fallout. These corrupt politicians further their economic gains by setting low wages for the indians, and when the indians independently harvest some kind of produce, they do not receive a fair price.

The anticipated and oversold arrival of NAFTA in Mexico didn't cure the social ills harbored over many decades. The

descendants of the ancient Maya, in Chiapas, are loudly asking for the fruits of the Revolution of 1910; which, among other things, promised agrarian reform, and a representative democratic form of government.

The Zapatista National Liberation Army is showing Mexico what it takes to bring political change at the national level. The armed uprising is asking why certain segments of the Mexican population get better, even in times of endemic inflation, while the virtual owners of the land, the indians, get more segregated and poor.

The Mexican media has also played a part in this social breakdown by failing to provide news or informed opinion about the smoldering situation. This reflects the level of media censorship in Mexico. It also shows the outright irresponsibility of the Mexican Media in dealing with its audience.

Today's world is an economic village. The political tensions in far away places, eventually show up at the borders. The U.S., more than ever, should take a second look at its trading partners. And it should not trade with those countries with a consistent history of political oppression and anti-democratic practices. Instead, the U.S. should reserve the preferential partner status for those nations that agree with freedom and democracy, in both policy and practice.

BYU Students can and should make a difference in Mexico by writing the government of Mexico, your own government, or the media outlet or human rights organization of your choice.

## Here We Go Again?

by Frank Susa

Paul Cox, the Dean of Honors and General Education, said something interesting to me the other day. In a moment of frustration, he said, "These poor students haven't been listened to in so long that they just want to sleep through these things." He's right. When something as innovative as a "forum for student input" is organized, it is not hard to think to myself, Oh brother, here we go again. Somebody thinks that if he throws us a bone, we'll shut up and be happy with the way things are. I wasn't surprised when a friend of mine suggested that I call this announcement "Here we go again." It's what he thought, and probably what several thousand other students thought when they picked up their official BYU newspapers this week, to read about the "Forum for Student Input on General Education."

Before I go on to report what has happened to prompt this article and what I think should happen now, let me fill you in on what I'm talking about. We're all familiar with President Lee's expectations that BYU students graduate more quickly. We've all had some kind of reaction to this pressure since it seems to demand significantly more work from us by having to meet all those requirements in less time. Since the student body has been so good at pointing out how close to impossible that might be for many of us, President Lee has been looking for other ways to help our "timely graduation." It has been recommended that the General Education program be reviewed seriously, to assess what is done well, what is not, what needs to be changed, and what should be improved.

Some of the issues that specifically need to be addressed include the size and functionality of some large-section GE courses, the relationship between GE and individual students' majors, and the best timing and sequencing GE program requirements. Right now, however, Dean Cox and the other deans of Honors and GE feel unable to actually begin the process without the aid and input of the very students for whom the GE program exists. The wise and sincere approach he is taking is one which actually depends on the students themselves. Believe it.

This is why, under Dean Cox's direction, Associate Dean Juliana Boerio-Goates and I organized two forums that were to solicit input from students on how to reform the GE program. Despite an article and advertisement in the Daily Universe, a total of nine students showed up for these two meetings last week. The forums were to be the first step in this innovative approach to university administration. The very low attendance—we were expecting about 200 students at each of the forums—has shown us that there needs to be even better communication between this university's administration and its students. That is why I am writing this article.

We are not only going to make a more concerted effort to seek you out, to solicit your advice and creative input, but also we are asking that you step up to the challenge to trust that Dean Cox, Dean Boerio-Goates, and President Lee really are concerned that you are served well in these times of change at BYU. We are asking you to think seriously about the following four topics and come to our next forum to share your ideas.

First, very few students ever graduate from BYU knowing much about why they

should take GE courses—or at least why they have to do so. The first part of the discussion will center around these questions: How do you perceive the role of GE in your education? Does GE help you select a major? Should it? Does it help you to make connections of your major to the larger world?

Second, the core courses (American Heritage, History of Civ., Biology 100, and Physical Science) are intended to provide an integrated overview to the great ideas of the world and to teach critical thinking skills. To what extent do these courses achieve these goals? What can be done to course content, structure, exams, etc. to better accomplish these objectives?

The third part of our discussion will investigate whether the core courses provide the grounds for a common discourse of ideas across campus. Is this a worthwhile goal? Do you ever talk with other students about these ideas? How can we achieve it?

Possibly, the most difficult and heated part of our discussion will be about this issue: Given the realities of University resources and the size of the student body, some large classes are inevitable. But, are there ways to make these large classes effective and enjoyable? Do TA's and small discussion groups make them better? Are there some courses which are more suited to large sections than others.

Of course, these are directed and probing questions. The forum will also provide the opportunity for you to contribute any creative ideas of your own. In fact, we are most interested in suggestions for improvement that may never have crossed our minds. What we are not interested in, though, are stories about a particular teacher, class, TA, etc. The deans are very aware of the varied experiences that students have with individual instructors and courses. While these experiences are important, the forum cannot be devoted to sharing personal histories of how bad Professor so-and-so treated you, or why you deserve a better grade, and so on. Our time needs to be focused on improving GE for everybody. Other avenues are available to take care of personal concerns. If you need to speak to somebody about an individual need, call the Office of Honors and General Education at 378-3038.

This next forum is part of a whole process of evaluation. Another step which will follow the forum will be the organization of the General Education Student Advisory Council (GESAC). Because we clearly cannot address and resolve every problem in a single two hour meeting, Dean Cox hopes for ongoing advisement from students. The GESAC will hopefully provide this need. We need you to take an active part on this council, as well. Applications will be available both at the forum and in the Office of Honors and General Education (350 MSRB). We are especially looking for students who represent a range of interests. Selections will be based upon major, year in school, transfer status, sex, nationality, ethnicity, etc.

The forum will be held on Saturday, February 12th, from 10:00 am - 12:00 pm, in room 375 ELWC. This room can hold over 200 people and we really hope that it will be filled, even though the meeting is on a Saturday. We know that BYU students are creative and can speak out when given the opportunity. This is one of those opportunities. If you have comments, concerns, or questions which cannot be addressed at the forum, we invite you to contact the department at 378-3038. We look forward to working with you.



# Calendar

If you would like something in the calendar please call Rebekah at 377-8960. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the Wednesday you would like it to appear.

## THEATRE, DANCE & FILM

**Macbeth (Verdi)**, Utah Opera, call 534-0842 for tickets and showtimes.

**Malcolm X**, till Feb 11, 10 am, 1 & 9 pm (T/TH), Varsity Theatre, BYU, 378-3311.

**International Cinema**, till Feb 12:

Babette's Feast, (Dutch/French); Ethan Frome (English) 250 SWKT, BYU, call 378-5751 for showtimes.

**The Hired Man**, till Feb 12, Margetts Arena Theatre, BYU, based on Melvyn Bragg's novel in early 20th century Britain, call 378-7447.

**Roomservice**, Feb 12, Hale Center Theatre/SLC, 2801 S Main Street, 1930's farce, \$8-10, 484-9257.

**The Foreigner**, Feb 12, Hale Center Theatre/Orem, 225 W 400 N, \$6, 226-8600.

**The Peking Acrobats**, Feb 16, Abravanel Hall, call 533-NOTE for ticket information.

**The Swan**, Feb 17- Mar 5, 8 pm, Theatre Works West, Jewett Center 1250 East 1700 South, Westminster College, 583-6520, \$8-10; what happens when a swan

becomes a man and falls in love with a woman?

**K-2**, Feb 17- Mar 5, 8 pm, Theatre Works West, Jewett Center 1250 East 1700 South, Westminster College, 583-6520, \$8-10; a mountain adventure story of two climbers attempting one of the most unforgiving mountain peaks in the world.

**Rapunzel**, till Mar 14, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.

**Scarlet Pimpernel**, till Apr 4, 7:30 pm (& 2 pm Sat), City Rep Theatre, 638 S State St, SLC, 532-6000, \$8.50.

**1993-4 Pardoe Theatre Series**, call 378-3875 for info and tickets, shows are, starting Feb 10: Merry Wives of Windsor; 24 Mar-Apr 1: Of Mice & Men; 26 May-June 4: Scapin; 21 July-Aug 6: Philadelphia, Here I Come.

## CINEMA GUIDE

**Academy Theatre**, 56 N University Ave, 373-4470.

**Avalon Theatre**, 3605 S State, Murray, 226-0258.

**Carillon Square Theatres**, Orem, 224-5112.

**Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas**, 224-6622.

**International Cinema**, 250 SKWT, BYU, 378-5751.

**Scera Theatre**, 745 S State, Orem, 235-2560.

**Tower Theatre**, 875 E 900 S, SLC, 359-9234.

**Varsity Theatres**, ELWC & JSB, BYU, 378-3311.

**Villa Theatre**, 254 S Main, Springville, 489-3088.

## CONCERTS & LIVE MUSIC

**Doug Bush: Harpsicord Inaugural**, Feb 10, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU, FREE.

**Utah Symphony's Charlie Chaplin Revival**, Feb 11 & 12, the symphony will accompany the film "City Lights," call 533-NOTE for more information.

**Jesse Thurgood**, Feb 12, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E, Provo, 373-1525.

**American Piano Quartet**, Feb 12, 7:30 pm, deJong Concert Hall, BYU, 378-4322.

**X-96's Great Expectations Anniversary Celebration**, Feb 12, 7 pm, Saltair, The Wonder Stuff, Therapy, Nick Hayward, Swervedriver, and Possum Dixon; listen to X-96 for free tickets.

**The Village People with the Disco Drippers**, Feb 14, 8-1 am, The Edge, 153 W Center, Provo, \$15-18, 375-3131 for ticket locations.

**Utah Symphony Valentine's Concert**, Feb 14, Abravanel Hall, a concert which presents music that has inspired romance

throughout history, call 533-NOTE for tickets.

**The Beat Farmers**, Feb 15, Zephyr Club, 301 S West Temple, SLC, call 355-2582.

**Jeff Shumway**, Feb 16, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU Faculty Artists series, piano, FREE.

**Ben Walters**, Feb 16, Mama's Cafe, 840 N 700 E, Provo, 373-1525.

**Scorpions**, Feb 25, Delta Center, tickets at Smith tix and the Delta Center.

## EVENTS, ETC.

**The Truth About the Liquid Lye**, Feb 9, Utah Museum of Natural History, lecture on the Desert Sea in conjunction with James Trimble's naturalistic view of the Great Salt Lake, 581-4303 for more info.

**Z-93 Eye Catcher Disco Party**, Feb 10, 8 pm, Green Street Social Club, 610 Trolley Square, SLC, free admission with a disco album, 532-4200.

**Black America at the Crossroads**, Feb 11, 12:30 pm, Washington Terrace Senior Center, 4601 S 300 W, SLC, presentation by William Watkins, 651-0161.

**Valentine's Day Party in Black**, Feb 14, 8-9 pm, "The Zoo" 902 N 50 E, Provo, for those without on the day of love wear black, call 373-2142.

**Self Hypnosis Class**, Feb 15 & every following Tues, \$25, taught by a certified self-hypnosis therapist, 375-3636 for reservations and locations.

**South by Southwest Music & Media Conference**, Feb 16-20, Austin, Texas, write to SXSW Headquarters, PO Box 4999, Austin, Texas 78765 or call (512) 467-7979 (FAX 512-451-0754).

**Snowboard Races**, at Snowbird's new Multi-Terrain Snowboard Park, call 521-6040 or 581-9606 for info on race dates.

**Prints by the Nabis: Vuillard and His Contemporaries**, till Mar 6, Utah Museum of Fine Arts, U of U Art & Architecture Bldg, 381-7331.

**Pow-Wow**, Indian Walk-in Center, 120 W 1300 S, please bring a chair if only observing, for times/dates call 486-4877.

## EDITOR'S PICK

If I had three wishes to do anything I wanted this week, I would definitely see the Village People at The Edge on Valentine's Day (also my fiance's idea of a romantic evening). I also wouldn't want to miss the (Feb. 9th) lecture about the Great Salt Lake. I'm not a Western native and have heard that this exhibit explains a lot about how the lake affects our sky, snow and desert. Third, I would love to see Macbeth with the Utah Opera; this is the perfect thing to satisfy my yearly opera craving.

[Managing Editor's Note: If I had three wishes, I would go to the Valentine's Party in Black, I would win tickets to X-96's Great Expectations, and I would just be young and single at The Edge.—Jenn]

# Science Fiction Symposium Schedule

### Wednesday, February 16

11-11:50, 347 ELWC, Opening Ceremony

12-12:50, 321 ELWC, "Singing for Your Supper: Minstrels, Bards, Storytellers" (Liebmann, Malouf); 376 ELWC, "Amen: Religion, Ceremony and Society" (Collings, Kurtz, Larsen)

1-1:50, 376 ELWC, "Climbing Out of the Slush Pile" (Kurtz, Lowe, Stauffer, Wolverton); 357 ELWC, "Making Your Own Films with Camcorders"; 376 ELWC "Merchants, Trade, and Trade Routes" (Clegg, Hammond); 378 ELWC, "Metamorphosis: From Painting to Print" (Albertson, Olsen, Parkin)

2-2:50, 321 ELWC, "Art Presentation" (Olsen); 365 ELWC, "GURPS workshop"; 376 ELWC, "Creation Myths" (Ficklin, Hammond, Neal, West, Wilson); 378 ELWC, "Media Fandom and Conventions" (Liebmann, Stark)

3-3:50, 321 ELWC, "Marion Zimmer Bradley" (Percy); 376 ELWC, "X-men" 4-4:50, 321 ELWC, "Linguistics and Philology: Language and Culture" (Hammond, Watabe, Urbanek); 376 ELWC, "Music in SF&F" (Brinkmeier, Harmon & Harmon, Hawkins); 378 ELWC, "Heraldry" (Kurtz, Zoliwig)

5-5:50, 321 ELWC, "Roger Zelazny" (Peercy); 376 ELWC, "Alien Microbiology" (Kindred, Rich); 378 ELWC, "Clarion and Clarion West" (Carr, Pendleton, Rehak, Shunn, Stauffer, Vayle)

5-9:50, 365 ELWC, "Introduction to SF&F Miniatures Wargaming" (Irisk) 6-6:50, 321 ELWC, "Genesis: The Beginning of Your Art Career" (Hegstead, Parkin); 376 ELWC, "To Boldly Go... What's Next for Star Trek?" (Black, Hawkins, Liebmann, Rogets, Stark); 378 ELWC, Poetry Reading (Collings)

7-7:50, 321 ELWC, "Filking 101" (Liebmann); 376 ELWC, "British Science Fiction" (Hartzog, King, Powell, Roberts, Simmons, Warner)

8-8:50, 376 ELWC, "The 'Loodicrous' Dave Conspiracy" (Bastian, Burton, Doering, Eatough, Powell, Urbanek, Wall, Wolverton)

8-10, 321 ELWC, Local Author Readings

### Thursday, February 17

11-11:50, Varsity Theater, Main Address, Robert L. Forward

12-12:50, 365 ELWC, "Cyberspace Virtual Reality Gaming" (Hatch, Cyberspace); 376 ELWC, "Art for Children" (Olsen, Parkin)

1-1:50, Varsity Theater, "Researching for Your Story or Novel" (Forward, Thornley, Wolverton, Zelazny); 347 ELWC, "Costuming throughout the Ages" (Farahnakian); 375 ELWC, "Characterization" (Kurtz); 376 ELWC, "Survival in the Art World" (Hegsted, Parkin)

2-2:50, 321 ELWC, "Role Playing Games as Communal Narratives" (Baltes,

Jones); 347 ELWC, "The Rise of Animation" (Lowe & Lowe); 375 ELWC, "Mystery Science Theater 3000: Bad SF Movies" (Wessman, Rustin, Worthen)

2-3:50, 365 ELWC, "Car Wars Workshop and Competition"; 376 ELWC, "Poetry Workshop" (Collings)

3-3:50, 321 ELWC, "Female Characters in Science Fiction Media" (Hicks, Wessman); 375 ELWC, "Can Creativity Be Created?" (Nicita, Wolverton, Woodbury, Zelazny)

4-4:50, 321 ELWC, "BBS Panel" (Eatough); 347 ELWC, "Science Fiction in the Movies" (Hicks); 376 ELWC, Reading (Pendleton, Shunn)

4-5:50, 375 ELWC, "My Favorite Scenes" (Kurtz, Wolverton, Zelazny)

5-5:50, 347 ELWC, "The Future of Telecommunications" (Bassman); 365 ELWC, "Role Playing: The RP in RPGs" (Brinkmire, Harmston, Kilton, Merrill)

5-6:50, 376 ELWC, "MAGIC—The Card Game of Fantasy Battle"

6-6:50, 321 ELWC, "Virtual Reality" (Brenneis, Edwards, Hatch); 347 ELWC, "Market Place Strategy in the Art World" (Hegsted, Olsen, Parkin)

6-9:50, 365 ELWC, "Arkham Horror Game" (Clegg)

7-8:30, Cloud City Cabaret

8:30-10:00, 321 ELWC, Local Author Readings; 347 ELWC, Filk Singing

### Friday, February 18

10-10:50, 321 ELWC, Reading (Zelazny)

11-11:50, Varsity Theater, Main Address, Katherine Kurtz

12-12:50, "Favorite Scenes from Star Trek" (Harmon, Liebmann, Stark, Wessman); 357 ELWC, "Techno-Art = Computer + Art" (Cootey, Lowe & Lowe); 365 ELWC, "How to Market a Song"; 375 ELWC, Reading (Forward); 376 ELWC, "Developing a Mormon Poetic, or Why BYU's English Dept. is Going to Hell" (Wolverton)

1-1:50, Varsity Theater, Slide Show (Brenneis); 321 ELWC, "Building Feasible Biospheres" (Bell, Cox, Forward, West); 357 ELWC, "Computer Animation Demonstration" (Cootey, Lowe & Lowe); 376 ELWC, Reading (Baker, Thornley)

2-2:50, Varsity Theater, Slide Show (cont.) and Q&A (Brenneis); 321 ELWC, "How to Host a Filk"; 375 ELWC, "Living with a Writer" (Forward, West, Worthen)

2-3:50, 365 ELWC, AD&D Workshop

3-3:50, Garden Court, Book Signing (Bell, Kurtz); 321 ELWC, "Geophysical Developments: How to Make Realistic Planets" (Ficklin, Forward, West); 347 ELWC, "Science Fiction on TV" (Harmon, Pierce, Stark); 375 ELWC, "Humor and Science Fiction" (Rehak, Wolverton, Worthen, Zelazny)

3-4:50, 376 ELWC, "Cities and Towns" (Clegg)

4-4:50, 321 ELWC, "Virtual Reality" (Bassman, Edwards, Wahlquist); 347 ELWC, "It's a Kind of Magic: Book to FX" (Anderson, Brenneis, Wolverton); 375 ELWC, "Horror in SF&F" (Anderson, Butler, Cart, Collings, Pendleton)

5-5:50, Step-down Lounge, "Quest: Live Action Role Play" (Adventure Quest); 321 ELWC, "The Symbolism behind My Art" (Hegsted, Olsen, Parkin); 347 ELWC, "Movie Making" (Bassman, Brenneis, Rouvier, Wessman); 365 ELWC, "Roast"; 375 ELWC, "Magic Systems" (Kurtz, Woodbury, Zelazny); 376 ELWC, "Aliens, Monsters, and Other Non-Humans" (Cox, Forward, West)

6-6:50, Step-down Lounge, "Ten Forward Comedy Hour-or-so" (Black, Harmon & Harmon, Hawkins, Liebmann, Shumway, Stark, Wessman); 321 ELWC, "When Worlds Collide" (Bassman, Edwards); 347 ELWC, "Writers of the Future" (Asplund, Jole, Wolverton, Worthen); 376 ELWC, "The Art of Editing" (Adams, Daniels)

6-9:50, AD&D Tournament First Round

7-8:30, 375 ELWC, Grand Reception

8:30-10, 321 ELWC, Local Author Fiction Reading; 376 ELWC Local Author Poetry Reading

### Saturday, February 13

9-9:50, 375 ELWC, Reading (Kurtz); 378 ELWC, Interview with Leslie Fish (video)

9-12:50, 365 ELWC, AD&D Tournament Final Round

10-10:50, Garden Court, Book Signing (Forward, Wolverton); 321 ELWC, "Careers in Writing" (Bell, Birkedahl, Hume, Kurtz, Leibing); 347 ELWC, "Comics: What's Hot, What's Not" (Addlessee); 375 ELWC, "Karaoke Filk"; 378 ELWC, "ILM Chips" (Brenneis)

11-11:50, Varsity Theater, Main Address, Roger Zelazny

12-12:50, 347 ELWC, "FX in Sci-Fi" (Brenneis, Hawkins, Sargent); 357 ELWC, "Pro Session" (Kurtz); 375 ELWC, "Art Presentation" (Parkin); 376 ELWC "Gaming as Positive Entertainment" (Anderson, Webster)

12-1:50, 321 ELWC, Acting Workshop (Bronson)

1-1:50, Varsity Theater, "Washed By a Wave of Wind" (Baker, Bell, Birkedahl, Nicita, Worthen); 347 ELWC, "Media Memories" (Sargent); 357 ELWC, "Translating Ideas and Imagination into an Unique Style" (Albertson, Hegsted, Olsen, Parkin); 365 ELWC GURPS Tournament, 321 ELWC, "Elements of the Short Story" (Carr, Pendleton, Shunn, Smith); 376 ELWC, "Pro Session" (Forward)

2-2:50, 321 ELWC, "Writing for Young Adults" (Birkedahl, Kurtz, Zelazny); 347 ELWC, "Great Villains of

SF" (Harmon, Hawkins, Rouvier, Rustin, Sargent); 375 ELWC, "Religion and SF" (Anderson, Cracroft, England, Heimerdinger, Pendleton); 376 ELWC, "Science and SF" (Forward, Powell, Rouvier, Wessman)

3-3:50, 321 ELWC, "Medieval Weapons and Fighting Techniques" (Kirkland); 347 ELWC, "Wolfe and Zelazny" (Langford); 375 ELWC, "Style and Ideas" (Anderson, Baker, Bell, Pendleton, Wolverton)

4-4:50, Garden Court, Book Signing (Pendleton, Zelazny); 321 ELWC, "Breaking Beginners' Block" (Kurtz, Parkin, Shunn, Worthen); 365 ELWC, "RPGs from White Wolf" (Baltes); 375 ELWC, Readings (Bell, Wolverton); 376

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## History

easy, in fact. So Val kept his eyes open for someone. Then he met Tina. She was most definitely a woman. Without hesitation, he wrote a law. Not wanting to make it too obvious that he was compensating for his own male deficiencies, he generalized the law for the entire population. It read: "Let it hereby be known that on this day, February the Fourteenth, it is declared that all men may select a woman for recreational kissing. It need not be their wives."

And thus it was. The new law was so popular, it became an annual event. In respect of the now experienced king, the day was named Val-n-Tina day. Val and Tina were married soon after their first kiss, but unfortunately he lost her two years later in a brutal poker game.

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## Bewitched

My biggest problem with *Washed*, though, is Card's story, clearly included for the sole purpose of selling copies of the book. If Card must be included, why not twist his arm for a new story rather than printing something that's been published several times?

On the brighter side, Elizabeth Boyer sets her excellent story in the past rather than the future, a unique slant for science fiction. Her first attempt at SF, it still has traces of fantasy, but they add to the story rather than detract. Shunn's story about the women of the world finally reacting to centuries of mistreatment is a humorous take on an old idea, and should appeal especially to women readers. Another highlight is Bell's story, which has also been published before, about a woman in a bad marriage who plans her escape through Virtual Reality.

The story that stands out the most, though, is M. W. Worthen's "You Can't Go Back," about a man who recreates Utah through a Virtual Reality program. Even those who hate living in Provo will enjoy this story's poignant, creative look at Happy Valley.

Maybe the best way to sum up this volume is to say it's a solid collection of stories from Bell's friends. The majority are well-written and easily read—writing strong enough to stand on its own, without Orson Scott Card on the table of contents.

By day Shannon is a bookstore junkie and a member of the SF symposium planning committee. By night she writes her own freaky stories.